Whispering Hills.

By Roger E Bissell Jr

A young man in his late teens or early twenties moves to a small town located at the bottom of wooded hills. He is welcomed into the town and stands out due to his charm and mysterious aura. The town is guarded by large wolves living in the hills, and the townspeople are cautious of a hermit who they suspect has mystical powers. The hermit is beloved by children for his stories, which seem to come to life. The woodsmen from the hills occasionally visit the town and clash with the townspeople. A new member in town befriends the woodsmen but also socializes with the townsfolk, causing tension. When a child is attacked, the hermit intervenes and provides a cure, leading to a confrontation with the woodsmen, who are revealed to be werewolves. The hermit asserts his authority and warns the woodsmen to maintain peace. The young man reveals himself to be a powerful being who brought the woodsmen to the town long ago for protection. He has an antagonistic relationship with the woodsmen and the townspeople, as he is different from both groups. As he starts attending college in the town, he encounters residents with various opinions and perceptions of the town and its inhabitants. The college town has its unique characteristics and quirks, and the young man navigates through the eccentricities of his new environment. He is given a tour of the town by a college student named Jennifer, who offers sarcastic commentary on the town and college. The town's claim to fame is having the cleanest and smallest campus, and the college mascot is the wolf. The young man is warned against wandering into the hills and receives advice on campus life. He also interacts with a professor who emphasizes seizing the day. In this small town nestled at the bottom of wooded hills, a web of supernatural beings, mysterious hermits, and eccentric townsfolk intertwines to create a complex and intriguing setting for the young man's experiences and interactions in his new environment. The town's secrets and dynamics hint at deeper mysteries waiting to be unraveled as the young man delves further into the heart of Whispering Hills.

- Why is the young man in the town avoiding talking about his age and what could be mysterious about him?
- What protective role do the large wolves play in the community of woodsmen living in the hills?
- How does the hermit's role in the town differ between how the adults view him versus how the children perceive him?

Whispers in the Hollow Hills

[Verse 1]
Down where the valley meets the pine,
A quiet town called Whispering Hills
Children laugh in the morning light,
But something ancient watches still

Old cabins hide behind the ridge,
Where big wolves prowl with knowing eyes
The woodsmen drink and laugh too loud,
Wearing borrowed human disguise

[Pre-Chorus]
One soul lives between the two,
A slender man who speaks to air
Stories dance like ghosts for kids,
While grown folks cross themselves in prayer

[Chorus]
Oh the hills are whispering low,
Secrets older than the stone
Blood and magic, tooth and bone,
Who's the hunter, who's the protector?
No one's going home alone
When the hollow hills start whispering

[Verse 2]
He came in fine clothes, soft of voice,
Charming smile and royal tongue
Avoids the question of his age,
Like a song too old to be sung

Pool hall lights and clinking glass,
Woodsmen tense at his perfume
Something rotten beneath the cologne,
Something hungry in the room

[Pre-Chorus]
The hermit feels the balance break,
A child cries out in the night
Tonic brewed with ancient words,
While old powers prepare to fight

[Chorus]

Oh the hills are whispering low,
Secrets older than the stone
Blood and magic, tooth and bone,
Who's the master, who's the monster?
No one's going home alone
When the hollow hills start whispering

[Bridge]
Will the pack turn on their maker?
Will the old one drink them dry?
Will the town burn their protector
When they finally learn the why?

Will the children lose their guardian?
Will the vampire find his den?
Everything is changing now
In the shadow of the woods again...

[Final Chorus] (slower, heavier)
Oh the hills are whispering low,
Truths too sharp for mortal ears
Old debts rising, old fears grow,
The hermit's watching, the wolf pack knows
The pretty stranger brings the storm
And Whispering Hills will never be the same...

[Outro] (soft, almost spoken over fading music)
Welcome to Whispering Hills...
Mind the wolves...
Mind the stories...
And whatever you do...
Don't go into the hills alone.

Our Hermit in the Hills

[Verse 1]
When the grown-ups start to worry,
And the shadows grow too tall,
We run past the old town border,
To the metal house with the crooked wall

He never turns us away,
Even when he looks real tired
He smiles with his quiet eyes,
And suddenly the whole world feels lighter

[Pre-Chorus]
He speaks soft magic in the air,
And little ghosts start to play
The Elf-fairy King rides on the wind,
The Minotaur keeps the bullies away

[Chorus]
He's our Hermit in the Hills,
The keeper of the stories true
When the big world feels scary,
We know exactly what to do
We go find the man who listens,
The one who makes the magic real
He keeps us safe, he makes us brave,
Our secret friend — the Hermit of the Hills

[Verse 2]
Rebecca ran there crying,
Said Aaron got hurt real bad
He didn't yell or ask questions,
Just went inside and spoke to the Great One real sad

Three times he blessed the water,
Then gave it with a gentle hand
Said "Drink this, little one,"
And the hurt started leaving Aaron's skin

[Pre-Chorus]
He tells us we're worth protecting,
Even when the adults disagree
He says the children are the light,
And he'll stand between us and anything

[Chorus]
He's our Hermit in the Hills,
The keeper of the stories true
When the big world feels scary,
We know exactly what to do
We go find the man who listens,
The one who makes the magic real
He keeps us safe, he makes us brave,
Our secret friend — the Hermit of the Hills

[Bridge] (softer, almost whispered)
They call him strange and spooky,
They say he's lived too long
But we see the kindest heart,
In the place where he belongs
When he's old and tired and fading,
We'll still remember every tale
We'll tell them to our children,
So his magic never fails

[Final Chorus] (full of warmth and quiet determination)
He's our Hermit in the Hills,
Guardian of the in-between
The only one who really sees us,
The one who knows what wonder means
Even if the town forgets him,
We will carry him inside
As long as stories still are spoken...
The Hermit of the Hills will never die

[Outro] (gentle, fading like a lullaby)
Thank you for the stories...
Thank you for the light...
We love you, Mr. Hermit...
Even when you hide...

The Hermit of Whispering Hills

[Verse 1]
I live where the valley touches the pines,
In a metal box the world forgot
They call me hermit, they call me strange,
But the children know my name by heart

I trade in stories, not in gold,
Ghosts that dance on morning air
Elf kings and minotaurs made flesh,
For little hearts that still believe and care

[Pre-Chorus]
Adults cross themselves when I walk by,
They sense the weight of unseen years
But fear has never warmed a single soul,
So I keep my distance... and my tears

[Chorus]
I am the watcher, the keeper of the in-between,
Guardian of the ones they've yet to ruin
With every tale I spin, I buy them time,
From the wolves, the dark, and the coming gloom
Call me old, call me odd, call me what you will
I'll still stand between the hurt and the hills
As long as one child needs a place to run...
I'll be the Hermit of Whispering Hills

[Verse 2]
I've seen too many grown hands break young wings,
Heard too many promises turn to dust
So I speak to water, I speak to wind,
Turn simple things to hope when I must

"Great One, turn this water into cure..."
Three times spoken, soft and true
For every wound the world inflicts,
I still believe there's healing left to do

[Pre-Chorus]
They wonder how I've lived so long,
No records, no name, no clear design
I just carry what the children need,
And hide the heavier parts of mine

[Chorus]
I am the watcher, the keeper of the in-between,
Guardian of the ones they've yet to ruin
With every tale I spin, I buy them time,
From the wolves, the dark, and the coming gloom
Call me old, call me odd, call me what you will
I'll still stand between the hurt and the hills
As long as one child needs a place to run...
I'll be the Hermit of Whispering Hills

[Bridge] (spoken/sung softer, more intimate)
I was never meant for crowded rooms,
Never learned the art of fitting in
But every time a small hand slips in mine,
I remember why I'm still holding on...
Even when the years grow thin

[Final Chorus] (builds with quiet strength)
I am the watcher, the last light left unseen,
Protector of the pure, the small, the clean
Though my body weakens with the turning tide,
My stories and my prayers will still abide
Let the town forget my face when I'm gone,
Let the woodsmen howl their bitter songs
But the children... they will know I loved them well
The Hermit of Whispering Hills...

[Outro] (gentle, fading)
Great One... watch over them when I can't...
Great One... let my stories carry on...

The Elf-Fairy King

By Roger E Bissell Jr

Once, there was a fairy princess who fell deeply in love with an elf prince.

Elves and fairies did not intermingle. The two races had lived apart for ages, bound by ancient laws that forbade their union.

But the princess could not deny her heart.

Using her magic, she transformed herself into a human woman and secretly won the affection of the elf prince. In time, she became pregnant with his child. Unable to continue the deception, she finally confessed that she was truly a fairy.

When the elf king learned the truth, he was furious. Enraged that his son had loved one of the fairy race, he banished the princess from the elven kingdom.

Alone and heartbroken, she journeyed back to the realm of the fairies, where she gave birth to a son.

Yet when the fairy king saw the child, his face fell with fear. The boy had no wings.

Though beautiful even as an infant, he looked far too much like an elf. Fearing the child would be mocked, hated, and rejected all his life, the fairy king ordered his daughter to flee and hide the boy from the world.

So the child was raised far from both kingdoms.
As the years passed, the elf-fairy grew into a man of extraordinary beauty and quiet strength. Though he belonged fully to neither race, he carried within him the grace of the fairies and the nobility of the elves.

When his mother lay dying, she gave him a precious amulet, the final gift she had ever received from the elf prince.

With her last breath, she told him:
“Go to the elves. Claim your rightful place in their royal court.”

Honoring her wish, the young man journeyed to the elven kingdom wearing the amulet around his neck. Many doubted him. Some despised him. But the amulet proved the truth of his bloodline, and in time the people came to see the wisdom, courage, and compassion within him.

Eventually, he rose to become King of the Elves.

His first act as king was not one of vengeance, but of unity.

He ended the ancient hatred between elves and fairies and joined the two realms into a single kingdom. Under his rule, peace flourished for the first time in centuries.

Though he remained the only elf-fairy of his kind, he became the bridge between two worlds.

And from that day forward, the united kingdom of elves and fairies became the strongest realm in all the mystical world.

Amulet of Two Courts

[Verse 1]
In the moon-gold trees she stood
A fairy crown, a human face
She crossed the line they never crossed
To taste the elf prince's grace

She said, "I'm yours"
He swore, "Stay near"
And in her quiet hidden months
She kept one truth from fear

[Pre-Chorus]
Then the cradle came
And the court went cold
When the king heard the secret
His rage took hold

[Chorus]
One of his kind
One of his kind
Born from the border
Made to survive

One of his kind
One of his kind
Hearts can unite
When the old laws die

[Verse 2]
Banished down the silver road
She walked alone through thorn and rain
Back to the fairy halls she fled
With a son and a name to change

But when the fairy king looked close
And saw no wings on that boy
He said, "Run now
They'll make a joke of him for life"

[Pre-Chorus]
So she hid him deep
Where the ferns grew high
And the child grew beautiful

Like a blade in the light

[Chorus]
One of his kind
One of his kind
Born from the border
Made to survive

One of his kind
One of his kind
Hearts can unite
When the old laws die

[Bridge]
At her last breath, she placed it there
The amulet from the elf prince's hand
"Go to their court," she whispered low
"Claim what was planned"

So he crossed the woods
With a steady stride
No wings on his shoulders
But a storm inside

[Final Chorus]
One of his kind
One of his kind
He wore the amulet
Like a crown alive

One of his kind
One of his kind
He took the throne
And the walls fell wide

One of his kind
One of his kind
Elves and fairies
Now sing as one

One of his kind
One of his kind
The strongest kingdom
Under moon and sun

The Minotaur

By Roger E Bissell Jr

Once there was a young man feared throughout his village.
He was harsh, angry, and cruel, always taking from others and using fear to get his way. The people avoided him, and the younger children hid whenever he passed.

But one day, a brave boy finally spoke against him.

“Why do you spread fear wherever you go?” the boy asked.

“Why must everyone suffer just so you can feel strong?”

The young man only laughed.

“Because no one can stop me.”

What he did not know was that the boy’s mother was a powerful witch who watched over the village from afar.

When she learned what had happened, she came to the young man beneath the cover of night. Before he could speak, she raised her hand and cast an ancient spell upon him.

His body changed. Horns curled from his head. His form grew massive and shadowed.

He had become a Minotaur.

The witch spoke:

“You wished to live by fear, so now you shall wear the form others fear most. From this day forward, you will walk unseen in the shadows. Yet your curse carries purpose. You will protect the innocent from those who prey upon the weak. But take no life, for if you kill, your own life shall end as well.”

And with that, she vanished.

As the years passed, whispers spread through the villages of a horned guardian who appeared whenever trouble arose. Those who sought to harm others fled at the sight of him, and slowly the fear that once ruled the village began to disappear.

The people no longer spoke of the Minotaur as a monster.

They spoke of him as a protector.

In time, the witch returned to him.

“You have changed greatly,” she said. “I can restore you to your human form if you wish.”

But the Minotaur shook his head.

“When I was human, I was lost,” he admitted. “I was angry because I believed no one cared for me. I pushed others away and mistook fear for strength. But now, for the first time, my life has meaning. The people no longer fear me for what I take from them. They trust me for what I protect.”

The witch smiled.

“Then perhaps the curse was never truly a curse at all.”

The Minotaur lowered his great head and asked quietly:

“What of the hunters who seek me? The men who would claim me as a trophy?”

The witch laughed softly beneath the moonlight.

“Foolish boy. No mortal weapon can destroy you. You are Minotaur now.”

Then her eyes narrowed.

“Only the darkness within you can do that.”

Horns in the Dark

[Verse 1]
He used to take your bread
And grin through yellow teeth
Kids ran to the mill gate
When his boots hit the street
He'd laugh when you looked down
He'd feed on your fear
Then a boy stood up
And said it clear

[Pre-Chorus]
Why do you break us?
Why do you chase?
Why must we bleed
Just to see your face?
He only laughed hard
Said, "No one can stop me"
Then the woods went still
And the night got hungry

[Chorus]
You are Minotaur now
(You are Minotaur now)
Horns in the dark
Guard the lost, guard the ground
You are Minotaur now
(You are Minotaur now)
Fear what hunts the weak
Not the one in the ground

[Verse 2]
Her shawl came silent
Over wet black stone
The witch knew his name
And the shape of his bones
One hand up, one word
And the world split wide
Horns curled from his head
And the man inside died
But she left him a vow
Sharper than a knife
Protect the innocent
And spare every life

[Pre-Chorus]
Take one life
And your own ends too
So he learned the weight
Of the things men do
He walked in shadow
Past the barley rows
And every thief who came near
Felt his breathing slow

[Chorus]
You are Minotaur now
(You are Minotaur now)
Horns in the dark
Guard the lost, guard the ground
You are Minotaur now
(You are Minotaur now)
Fear what hunts the weak
Not the one in the ground

[Bridge]
Years turned to ash
Then to green again
They spoke his name low
Like a prayer in the wind
Not monster
Not curse
Not a thing to flee
A wall in the night
Between harm and me

[Final Chorus]
You are Minotaur now
(You are Minotaur now)
Horns in the dark
Guard the lost, guard the ground
You are Minotaur now
(You are Minotaur now)
The dark in you bends
When you choose what you are